7085 Dodd / James Solas

A SATYRICAL

LECTURE

ON

HEARTS:

To which is added, A

CRITICAL DISSERTATION

ON

NOSES.

As they are now Performing,

At the Great Room, Exeter Exchange.

By J. S. Dodd

- - - - - - - - - Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius - - - - - - - - -
HOR. S. I. 10. 14.

Niſi purgatum eſt pectus quæ prælia nobis
Atque pericula tunc ingratis inſinuandum!
Quantæ conſcindunt hominem cupidinis acres
Sollicitum curæ! Quantique perinde timores!
Quidve ſuperbia, ſpurcities, petulantia quantas
Efficiunt cladeis! Quid liſcus, deſidieſque.—
LUCRET. Lib. 5.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

TOWN.

Moſt formidable TOWN!

DISSAPPOINTED authors may ſtile you the *many headed monſter*, and call you a *beaſt of prey*; but, as I have met with nothing but candour good nature, and civility from you; as I have never heard one hiſs from your tremendous mouth; nor the ſound of one catcal from your redoubtable lips, I am ſo far from joining in the abuſe againſt you; that I applaud your judgment, honour your candour, and admire your lenity; for all which I here return my moſt humble reſpects.

I have attempted to expoſe only *Vice* and *Folly*, at which none but the *Vicious* and *Fooliſh* could take exception. As therefore no exception hath been taken at me, I muſt reaſonably conclude that that part of the

DEDICATION.

TOWN with whoſe company I have been honoured are *Wiſe* and *Virtuous*; and that the caps of ſatire which I have thrown abroad, have found no heads weak enough to wear them.

The moſt grateful return I can make to your repeated favours, moſt candid and reſpectable TOWN! is, to redouble my efforts to pleaſe you, and merit their continuance. To your patronage I commit this little book; for to whom can I with greater propriety inſcribe this impreſſion, than to you who have already patronized the author? I am,

Moſt reſpectable TOWN,

Your very obliged and

obedient humble ſervant,

Jan. 29th. 1767.

J. S. DODD.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THIS lecture was began about two years ſince, when the firſt ten hearts were wrote, without the leaſt deſign of ever making them public. I read them to ſeveral of my friends, who did me the honour to approve of them. From that time they lay by me till laſt March, when I perſued the hint and finiſhed all the hearts, but the laſt; and at the deſire of ſeveral very ſenſible and judicious perſons, I undertook to exhibit them in public. I withſtood for ſome time the intreaties of my friends. I repreſented to them how uncapable a man, who had not the leaſt experience in the practice of the ſtage but what he had acquired as a ſpectator, muſt be, to venture as a declaimer, or hope to pleaſe a judicious audience. That I was ſenſible my figure was againſt me. That I muſt be deficient in the execution of humour, however ſtrong my conceptions might be; and that to ſucceed, as a performer, after the ſeveral excellent models the two theatres afford, would require greater abilities than I poſſeſſed. My remonſtrances were in vain, I was anſwered that however, it required a man of ſix feet high to repreſent a hero, yet five feet five was a ſufficient ſtature for a Lecturer. *That a ſtrict obſervation of na-*

ture, without a theatrical education, would enable a man to be at leaſt tolerable, if not excellent, for excellence was not to be expected. That true humour, would dictate proper action; and ſtrong conception, proper emphaſis: and that though my abilities were avowedly beneath a Garrick, a Holland, a Powell, a Smith, a Walker, &c. in the ſerious; or a Yates, a Woodward, or Shuter, &c. in the comic; yet, the matter would in ſome meaſure excuſe the manner; and as the hyper-critic would never approve the beſt performer, ſo a good-natured auditor would excuſe any defect, from the earneſt endeavour to pleaſe. I was obliged to ſubmit. I hazarded the attempt, and it ſucceeded beyond my moſt ſanguine expectations. Twenty-ſix audiences have already honoured me with their favour, which I take this opportunity to acknowledge with the utmoſt gratitude.

Some, have very critically ſuppoſed that this lecture was taken from Mr. Stevens's lecture on Heads; but they would have reaſoned with more juſtice had they concluded the truth, that both the Heads and Hearts were firſt thought on, in conſequence of the beau and coquette in the Spectator.

I do not pretend to draw any parallel between Mr. Stevens's lecture on heads *and my lecture on* hearts: *I allow his work all its merits, and I only plead in favour of mine, that I have attempted to pleaſe without having recourſe to low wit, ribaldry, perſonal reflection, pun, or quibble; and to the honour of a Britiſh audience, I muſt declare my opinion, that*

that ſuch kind of ſtuff has, for ſome years paſt, met with the contempt it deſerved; and that we are become more chaſte, more delicate, and more judicious in regard to public performances, than our anceſtors of a century paſt. Hence it appears that whatever is produced to the public, which is a true copy of nature, or a juſt ridicule of Vice and Folly; will be well received. It is the vice or the folly, not the Man, which is the juſt object of ſatire; and in regard to religious tenets, no man has a right to cenſure another for not thinking juſt as he does, ſince the ſame cenſure muſt return on himſelf. It is the atheiſt and the hypocrite, not the ſectariſt, who is proper food for ſatire, and ſuch only I ſhall ever ſeek to expoſe. For on whatever foundation ſome may think to build their fame, or raiſe their fortune, it ſhall be ever my boaſt, that I will never write a line, which can raiſe a bluſh on the chaſteſt cheek, or which I would wiſh to blot, or recal at my laſt hour.

As this lecture was at firſt thought too grave, ſome parts are now omitted in the exhibition, in compliment to thoſe who are more able to laugh, than to think. And I have alſo added the Critical Diſſertation on Noſes.

Before I conclude, I muſt acknowledge the grateful ſenſe I ſhall ever retain for the candid and kind reception my lecture hath met with from a number of Ladies and Gentlemen, with whoſe company I have been honoured: a favour the more flattering to me, as

it

it was unſolicited, and unſupported by any party whatſoever.

Some particular paſſages in my lecture are borrowed from other authors, where I thought they would be better adapted to my purpoſe than any I could compoſe myſelf, but I have marked thoſe paſſages all along, for I ſcorn to arrogate to myſelf what is not properly and abſolutely my own.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

AS when on untry'd ice th' adventʼrous boy
Firſt ſets his foot, with mingled dread and joy,
Trembling he treads the dangʼrous ſlippʼry way,
And every ſtep encreaſes his diſmay;
'Till heartenʼd by his comrades' chearing voice,
And hoping in their praiſes to rejoice,
The danger he firſt dreaded he defies,
And gains freſh courage evʼry time he tries:

So I, ſurrounded with a double fear,
Before this fearʼd tribunal now appear.
As author and performer both, I dread
"With all my imperfections on my head"
To meet your frowns, when I would wiſh to pleaſe,
And with this thought my anxious fears encreaſe.
With doubts oppreſsʼd, the hazard I engage;
Thoʼ quite untryʼd in perils of the ſtage.

Yet if you cheer me with your kind applauſe,
And judge not by the rigid criticʼs laws;
If candour in your genʼrous breaſts prevail,
And oʼer my faults you caſt Good Natureʼs veil,
Enlivenʼd by your favours I'll proceed,
And this my bold attempt may yet ſucceed.

When my intention firſt was public made,
I took an idle whimſey in my head ——
Whereʼer I heard it mentionʼd in my walk,
I thruſt my noſe—and liſtenʼd to their talk.

" A lecture upon hearts! (ſaid Gabriel Gruff,)
" I think of lectures we have had enough,
" Agents inviſible, and ſuch-like ſtuff.

" The

PROLOGUE.

" The town is tir'd with attempts like theſe,
" None after Stevens e'er can hope to pleaſe!"

" Bide ye a bit (ſaid Donald) ſure the heart
" Of aw the body is the nobleſt part;
" I'll gang and hear out what the man ſhall tell;
" Mayhap his lecture 'll pleaſe me wond'rous well."

A burly juſtice ſtarted from his ſeat,
And cry'd ——
" What are theſe hearts? ——ar' there any good to eat?"

Mac Shane reply'd—" No! my dear cratur, no!
" Believe me, on my word, it is not ſo;
" They're only lectures to be ſpeech'd or read,
" To ſhew us what our hearts have in their head."

To him retorted monſieur Capriole,
" Ven did you ſee von heart to ave von ſkull?
" Non! ventrebleau! it is quelque autre choſe,
" 'Tis to make laugh at doſe he vill expoſe."

A candid critic anſwers, " If he tries
" To laugh at folly—there true merit lies,
" When vice or folly ſwarm in any age,
" Satire becomes the buſineſs of the ſtage;
" Grave moral ſentences now loſe their aim,
" And want their former power to reclaim.
" Hence 'tis from ſatire we alone can find
" A remedy for errors of the mind.
" Then let him give a looſe to redicule,
" And laugh at, and reform the knave and fool,
" 'Till each offender, in a borrow'd name,
" Sees his own faults, and mends himſelf—thro' ſhame."

Such is my plan—may you approve theſe arts!
And by applauding hands—ſhew gen'rous hearts.

A LECTURE

A LECTURE ON HEARTS.

PART I.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THE town hath been amuſed for ſome time paſt with lectures on *heads*, which are certainly the leaſt valuable parts of us Britons. We have frequently ſhewn to the world the greatneſs and the goodneſs of our *hearts*; but, alas! we have had very little to boaſt of in regard to our *heads*. As a proof of my aſſertion, I can appeal to the detail of almoſt every battle or ſiege by land or ſea, in which we have ever had any ſhare, to prove the *greatneſs* and *courage* of our *hearts*; and the numberleſs charitable inſtitutions in theſe kingdoms, prove their *goodneſs*: while, on the other hand, conſult our treaties of peace, from the reign of king *John*, to the peace of *Aix la Chapelle* (I omit that of *Fontainbleau*).—Behold the preference we give to foreigners, of every claſs and denomination;—ſee the ſwarm of mountebanks, quack-doctors, French tooth-drawers, friſſeurs, &c. amongſt us;—remember the *Bottle Conjurer*, *Simons the Jew*, *Betty Canning*, the *Cock-lane ghoſt*, and the wild beaſt of the *Gevauden*, and then, anſwer me if we can boaſt of the goodneſs of our *heads*.

The *face* (a part of the head) is frequently ſtiled the *index of the heart*; the thing *repreſented* is certainly more noble than the thing *repreſenting*; therefore I hope none will deny that I have choſen the nobleſt ſubject, in giving *a lecture upon hearts*.

As among the wrong *heads* of this nation, ſome good and wiſe ones may be found (though I confeſs in no great number) ſo from among the great, good, generous, open, and benevolent *hearts*, ſome may be ſelected, which are weak, cowardly, baſe, cankered, falſe, and rotten; but I hope their number is equally ſmall.

Having lately had an opportunity of diſſecting a large number of *hearts* belonging to perſons of different ſexes, ages, countries, profeſſions, ranks, and inclinations; and having carefully noted any different deviations from the ſtandard of a *good upright heart*, I ſhall lay thoſe remarks before you; but as I thought the ſight of ſo many *real hearts* might be diſguſting to the ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, if ever any ſuch ſhould come here, I have cauſed them to be delineated on paper. I muſt own the ſimilitude would have better been preſerved in wood, or ſtone, and accordingly I ſought out for a *heart-turner*, but could not procure one in this metropolis; for all who profeſſed that buſineſs, were engaged as journeymen to the ſeveral tabernacles; or ſent down as curates to the fens in *Lincolnſhire*, the wilds of *Kent* and *Suſſex*, the marſhes of *Eſſex*, or the mountains of *Wales*, to *turn hearts* for fifteen or twenty pounds a-year.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a *ſound upright heart*; (1) every organ of ſenſe led to it, and made thereon the impreſſions which nature deſigned it ſhould. It was ever

(1) Shewing an upright heart.

ever compaſſionate to the diſtreſſes or wants of its dependants; it was filled with real courage, true piety, ſound patriotiſm, and every thing great, good, and glorious, which diſtinguiſhes and dignifies the man. This heart has been worn by many of our Britiſh monarchs, and may be juſtly named a *truly royal heart*. *Alfred* the great, *Edward* the third, *Henry* the fifth, *William* the third, and *George* the firſt and ſecond, have each ſeverally worn this heart; and if any ſhould aſk where it *now* reſides, my anſwer is, in the breaſt of HIM whom we *now* ſerve.

If the laſt heart was *upright*, this (2) ſeems terribly *warped*. This was alſo a *royal* heart: it was once ſtrait, but was thus *bent*, *bowed*, and made *weak* by liſtening to favourites. When *William* the ſecond wore it, the love of hunting gave it a *twiſt*, and then he deſtroyed houſes, farms, corn-fields, churches, and whole towns, to make a foreſt to hunt in, where it was pierced by Sir *Walter Tyrrel's* arrow. When it was poſſeſſed by *Henry* the third, it was farther *bent* by his love to his favourite miniſter, the biſhop of *Wincheſter*, till it was ſtraitened by his confirmation of *Magna Charta*. It next fell to the lot of *Edward* the ſecond; then *Gaveſton* and the two *Spencers* took it in hand, and made it ſo weak, and gave it ſuch turns, that at laſt it turned him out of his crown and life. The ſame diſaſters befel its next poſſeſſor *Richard* the ſecond. *Buckingham* and *Strafford* did the ſame by the heart of *Charles* the firſt, and with the ſame effect. Women, and a love of eaſe, *warped* the heart of *Charles* the ſecond; and after his death, prieſtcraft and arbitrary power got hold of it,

(2) Shewing a crooked heart.

and ſo lugg'd and tugg'd it about, that *James* the ſecond was forced to walk off with it in this very condition.

This is the heart of a Britiſh ſailor(3) made of the ſame ſtuff as the ſhip's bottom, *ſolid Engliſh oak:* this is truly an *heart of oak.* We found ſeveral cavities in this heart differently filled; in one, was courage; in another, inconſiderate prodigality; in a third, downright honeſty; and a fourth was filled with flip, and his Wapping landlady's daughter. One morning being at the maſt-head, he ſpied three ſail, which he perceived to be enemies: He joyfully called aloud, "Quarter-maſter." "Hollo!" "Strand my top-gallant eye-ſtrings, if there be not three ſail right under our lee-bow." The quarter-maſter acquainted the quarter-deck therewith; the ſhip was cleared for action, and all hands to quarters. *Jack* fortified himſelf with a large ſuck from his caſe-bottle before his cheſt was ſtruck down into the hold, and thus addreſſed *Florence O Flaharty* and *Angus M'Guffin*, two of his meſſmates, "D'ye hear, meſſmates, d'ye mind me! people may jaw as much as they will about theſe here Frenchmen, but unreave the laniards of my heart, and caſt off the breechings and tackles of my ſoul, if ever I knew them ſtand tightly to a good tuſtle." "Jock, (anſwers *Angus M'Guffin*) ye mun learn that it is na policy to diſpiſe yere enemy, for where is the honour of getting the victory when ye ha nane but cowardly loons to combat wi? I grant ye, lad, that the French ha na ſic like merit in arms that can compare untull we; and the reeſon is right eaſily given, becauſe they are aw ſlaves

(3) Shewing a wainſcot colour'd heart.

ſlaves, and ken not the ſweets of liberty, *libertas omnia vincet.* They fight only for the ſiller, and becauſe they canna' help it; while we fight for the honour of our gued king, (God bleſs 'en) for the gued of our country, and to preſerve our ain ſells fra popery and ſlavery, that is, we fight *pro aris et focis.*" To him *O Flaharty* replied, "O hone a chree, my dear Anguſh! ha done with your botherations; de'el burn me if I am knowing any thing at all of Mr. Ariſh and Mr. Foſhiſh, nor never fit for dem ſince I firſt ſaw the day-light in my mother's own cabbin in *Tipperary:* but I'll tell you what I fight for: I fight to keep up my charecter, and the charecter of my country; for never did no man, ſince the days of *Pheen M'Hoole*, ſee an Iriſhman turn his back, while he could ſtand with his faiſh forward. Oh! mona mon Dyowl, who ever ſaw an Iriſhman a coward?" Honeſt Jack replied, "Meſſmates, I know you are both good fellows, that will ſtand to your guns while there is either round, croſs-bar, or grape-ſhot to be got: none of your wiſhy waſhy land lubbers, and as we have got a good commander, let us ſtand to it, and drub their French jackets. I own, meſſmate *Angus*, that the French officers fight well enough, as you muſt remember; we were along-ſide the Centur, ſhe pelted away bloodily; but as for their common ſailors, they are ſuch a ſet of ragamuffins, that, unſhip all my teeth that I may never ſhiver a biſcuit again, if they are any more worth the powder and ſhot that is thrown away upon them, than the ſmall birds in White-chapel-fields and about Limehouſe-hole.—But avaſt!—Here they come. The commodore has clewed up her ſails and waits for us. She's a bigger ſhip than we to beſure, and has heavier metal.—But what of that? A ſhot can but make a hole; and as for ourſelves, 'tis in vain flinching; for, d'ye ſee, every ſhot has his commiſſion as if it were

paſted

paſted on it; if it is not to hit us, why then it goes by, you know; and if it is, if we were on the truck of the main-top-gallant maſt, or down in the light-room, 'tis all one, 'twould come there and give us a dowſe."—To it they went.—The French commodore was beaten off and his convoy, two Eaſt-Indiamen, fell into their hands. Jack was paid off at the peace, and came to London to wait for his prize-money,—he waited for it indeed—above three years, and never got it neither; for being arreſted for a debt of ſeven pounds, which he could never raiſe, he was put into the Marſhalſea, and there his poor honeſt heart, tough as it was, was broke with ill-uſuage, and he died, having an hundred and ſeventeen pounds, due to him as prize-money, in the hands of *an agent*.

Here's an odd heart (4)—whoſe do you think it is?—Perhaps you take it to be Satan's!—no ſuch thing—his heart is not quite ſo black. This is the heart of the agent, who had poor Jack's prize-money.—There is nothing like ill-got money, like defrauding the poor, and withholding the due of the widow and orphan, for blackening the heart. This fellow was the baſtard ſon of a country attorney (who ſet all his neighbours together by the ears, to get an honeſt living for himſelf) and a travelling gypſy, who told fortunes, cheated ſervant-maids of their rings and thimbles, and ſtole linen and poultry. The boy inherited fraud from his mother; and deceit, low-cunning, and hard-heartedneſs from his father. With theſe qualifications he was put to a charity-ſchool, where he learned to read, write, caſt accounts, and ſing pſalms. At length he took the opportunity of his miſtreſs's nodding over her brandy-bottle to

(4) Shewing a black heart.

to pick her pocket of ſeventeen ſhillings, and then ſet out for London, to make his fortune with that immenſe ſum. He at firſt got to be boy at an alehouſe, where he was very diligent in obſerving who got drunk and fell aſleep, on whom he always raiſed contributions, 'till one fatal night, miſtaking his man, he was detected by *Owen Caradoc*, a Welſhman, who finding Tom's hand in his pocket, cried, "Cot pleſs hur and preſerve hur! What ſo young, and a tief! To be ſure, child, you will come to the callows, if you do not leeſe off your efil ways in time; beſides, that is the leaſt of the matter, for the tevil will have you, and toſs you about with fiery pitch-forks, which he will ſtick into you." Dear ſir! (cries Tom) forgive me this time; if I can but 'ſcape the gallows here, let me alone with the devil and his pitch-forks. The good-natured Welſhman took pity on his youth, and, to put him out of harm's way, ſent him on board a man of war.

In this new ſtation Tom behaved with great cunning and circumſpection; he wrote under the clerk, and in time was advanced to the dignity and honour of waiting on the captain, who being killed in an engagment, Tom took care to ſecure what he could find in his maſter's ſcrutore. At the ſhip's going into port, he got his diſcharge, and came to London, where be became clerk to an Old-Bailey ſolicitor — which no doubt greatly improved his morals.—He then married the bar-keeper of a neighbouring tavern, who complimented him with a ſon five months after their marriage. The vintner ſtood godfather, and was a very good friend to them both. His wife proved a very good wife, and being tolerably handſome, ſo exerted herſelf in her huſband's intereſt, that he was appointed clerk to a capital ſhip. There he improved his talents and his money.

money, and whenever ſhe was going into port to be paid, very generouſly lent the ſailors a guinea a-piece to receive only five and twenty ſhillings at the pay-table. Having thus procured money, he therewith bought friends, and at laſt ſet up as an agent. In this ſtation he cheated all who had any concerns with him, and fattened on the cries of the diſtreſſed; till he broke his heart at reading in the news-papers that an act would be paſſed for regulating agents for prize-money, and make them account for what caſh they have received. —Happy it is for us that few ſuch agents are now left!

The laſt heart was *black*, but this (5) is a *white heart*. This is the heart of a *coward*, the moſt deſpicable of all characters. The laſt owner of this heart was *Tom Bubblefool*, a bully, who uſurped a uniform, wore a long ſword, and fiercely-cock'd hat, and called himſelf *captain*. He was one of the worthy fraternity of ſharpers, a conſtant attendant on billiard tables, and played *all* the game at back-gammon. He was a curious obſerver of faces, and where ever he ſaw any outward marks of weakneſs and timidity; where ever he found a young bubble juſt come to his eſtate, who was poſſeſſed of more money than wit, and more land than brains; he introduced himſelf into his company, and, by a dextrous ſhuffle of the cards, or an artful cog of the dye, eaſed him of his ſuperfluous wealth; if the deluded youth ſeemed to doubt the fairneſs of his play, the ſtrength of his voice, and the length of his ſword, were often effectual to ſtifle all complaints. He was alſo a great hero among the unhappy defenceleſs women of the town, being mean enough to diſgrace manhood by partaking of the wages of their iniquity: O he

(5) Shewing a white heart.

he was a brave fellow! for he could bully a parſon, and lift up his foot againſt a petticoat, 'till at laſt he died of a fright, at ſeeing the miſtreſs of an alehouſe, where he had ſconced a Welſh rabbit and a pint of two-penny, take up the kitchen poker to oblige him to pay his reckoning.

This was the heart of a *real captain*, (6) courage and honour were its chief inhabitants; and humanity (that conſtant companion of true bravery) there had her throne. He was above eating the bread of idleneſs, and never got removed when his regiment was ſent on ſervice; nor ever fell ſick on the eve of a battle. He was juſt and generous to his men, and they obeyed him through love. In action he ſeemed to be informed with the ſpirit of a lion; but the battle once over, he had the meekneſs of the lamb. He ſcorned to attempt the ruin of that ſex which the brave ſhould ever defend; or to be the terror of a ſet of affrighted waiters or feeble watchmen. After he had been raiſed from an enſign, by his merit alone, to the command of a company, there he ſtuck; for three ſubalterns, whoſe friends could each raiſe a dozen votes at an election, four great mens baſtards, the ſon of a commiſſary, and a nobleman's butler, being put over his head, he generouſly reſigned his commiſſion (though not till the end of the war) and retired upon ill-paid half-pay, to a cheap county, where he died, without leaving even his taylor's bill unpaid.

(6) Shewing a florid red heart.

This is a *light* heart; (7) the heart of a gay ſpark; one who *knew life*. He ruined his health, loſt his reputation, ſpent his fortune, and perverted his morals by *ſeeing life*. What a pity! This youth had real good parts; he deſpiſed in his heart the harlots who deceived him; he deteſted the ſharpers, he herded with; he loathed the inſipid brutal pleaſures of a midnight revel; and his ſoul ſhuddered at the impieties and blaſphemies he outwardly ſeemed to approve. Yet he went on, in deſpight of the humanity he ſtrove to ſtifle, and the checks of his conſcience, which he drowned in wine, till he died of old age and a broken conſtitution before he had counted twenty-four years, and left behind him the empty praiſe of being a good-natured fellow, who would never flinch at any that one of the company propoſed.

This cankered heart (8) belonged to an uſurer, a twenty per cent ſcoundrel, who locked up his gold till it was cankered as his heart. We have exhibited the *auricles* of this heart, which are vulgarly called the *deaf ears*. They were truly ſo with him, for he never was guilty of the leaſt tenderneſs, but conſtantly deaf to every ſound, but thoſe of *intereſt*, *premium*, *diſcount*, and *prompt payment*. His houſe was furniſhed with preſents for forbearance, and his bread and meat came *gratis* from the butcher and baker, over whoſe heads he held the undiſcharged bond. At home he abhorred gluttony and drunkenneſs, and never was guilty of either, unleſs at another perſon's table, where he got at it free coſt: then indeed, no member of Comus's court could drink more, nor luxurious gownſmen feed more hearty. Yet this fellow,

(7) Shewing a ſmall heart.
(8) Shewing a green heart with the ears to it.

fellow, in the Change-alley language, was called *a good man*. A young man came to him, and being ſhewn into the parlour, the old man ſaid, "Well, ſir, do you come to lend or to borrow?" Sir, replied the youth, I want a little money on the reverſion of my eſtate after the death of my father, who is ſeventy-one. —Oh! if you only come to borrow, we can talk of that by one candle: (a) times are very hard, and ſince ſo much tallow is uſed for hard ſoap, candles are at a moſt enormous price. Ah, young man! times are very hard, and money very ſcarce,—your father may live a many years, and you may die ſoon, (you muſt inſure your life, and lodge the policy in my hands) youth is no ſecurity againſt death; let me ſee if you look hearty. Moſt of you young fellows now a-days are rotten before you are ripe—pretty well (b)—I can lend you the money upon your reverſion it is very true, but I have no running caſh, I muſt ſell out—ſtocks are very low —3 per cents. fetch only 83 and 7-8ths. A great loſs—*you* muſt be at that expence—I can't afford it— I have loſt a great deal of money by being good-natured, and lending it out.—Why there was laſt week, I was taken in for three hundred pounds that I lent to *Peter Needy* ſeventeen years ago at ſeven per cent.—'Tis true the intereſt was regularly paid and now and then a guinea for forbearance, but the fellow died laſt week, and I have loſt all the principle.—Four hundred pounds I lent a year ago to an hair dreſſer, to fit him out that he might take a journey to Edinburgh with a girl of fortune from a boarding-ſchool, and now I call for my money I find he is protected by baron *Van Thunderfeldt*, the what-d'ye-call'm miniſter.—But ſtill I will let you

(a) Putting out one candle.

(b) Looking at him through a pair of ſpectacles.

have the money on the terms I told you of." This poor man's misfortunes were very great: one fatal morning the rats finding nothing in his cupboard to eat, devoured three bonds and a bill of ſale, and the ſame day his maid ſwore a child to him. This quite deſtroyed his reaſon, and the next morning poor *Iſſachar Barebones* was found hanging at the teſter of his bed.

This (9) great lubberly overgrown heart was once that of Mynheer *Van Gotten Gelt*, burgomaſter of *Scheidam*, and merchant of herrings and whale-oil. One of the cavities of this heart was filled with ducats, and the other with butter, which had ſo covered its whole ſubſtance, that it was impenetrable to any thing but gain; and the ſharpeſt ſtings of conſcience were blunted by the unctuoſity of his darling food. *Sacramenteen Ich can well de gelt holden*, ſaid he one day, and clapping his hand upon his pocket, *Sdonder and Blixen, here been mine Got.* If you wanted to buy of him on credit, *Ich can nich forſtand Mynheer.* But ſhew him the money, and he would open his mouth as wide as that of Garguntua, and roar out, *Why yaw, hogan well geborn Heer dat is goodt.*

This heart (10) with wings to it, and hung round with ribbons, was that of Monſieur *Jean Baptiſte la Volage*, native of *Gaſcony*, firſt, tumbler to an Italian *Ciarlitano*, and dancing-maſter to a city boarding-ſchool. He was all life; he daneed, but never walked; he ſung, but never thought. The ſtrings of his heart reſembled cat-gut, and the ears of it were hung with the wires of a guitar; he would dance into a room ſinging,

Si

(9) Shewing ſuch a heart.
(10) Shewing ſuch a heart.

Si j'avois pour heritage
La treſor la plus charmanete.

Ah, ma chere mademoiſelle la governante, que vous etes amiable! vat a lofely color you ave upon your contenance. You are parfaitment adorable. Vere be all de yonge miſſees? Let dem learn to dance-a-moy; 'tis de Franſhman dat give de belle air. Sacra blue, dere is no nation under de ſun dat can compare vid la France. "De French cobler, de ſavetier ave more de politeſs, de breeding, den de Dutch colonel."

Le pape dedans ſa grotte,
Quoi que ce lieu ſoit divine;
Permit bien que l'on y goutte
De l'excellent jus du vin.
Par ainſi, mes amis,
Puiſque l'on y boit a Rome,
Aú Palais de ce ſaint homme,
Nous en pouvons boir ici.

Ah, vive la France! ve be all gay, point de chagrin! de French be all got ſinging, and dey be born dancing. —Ay (ſays a ſurly Engliſhman, who happened to be by) and many of you go out of the world the ſame way. This poor Frenchman having to croſs a brook upon a ſingle plank, ſcorned to walk over, and cutting a caper in the middle, fell into the water, and was drowned, notwithſtanding the lightneſs of his head.

This heart (11) labelled with the names of the moſt eminent philoſophers, once belonged to the reverend

(11) Shewing ſuch a heart.

reverend Dr. *Matthew Muſty*, fellow of a college in one of our univerſities. There he remained four and forty years; and dogmatically obtruded his opinion on every man who was not quite of ſo long ſtanding in the place. His ideas were contracted, and his knowledge totally confined to books: for he was as ignorant of the ways of mankind as if he alone occupied the whole globe. He knew the policy of *Athens*, *Sparta*, and *Rome*; but not of his own country, of which he would not have remembered the name of the reigning king, had he not been reminded of it at church and by drinking his health on a *ſcarlet gown day*. He could tell you the exact breadth of the rivers *Simois* and *Scamander*, though he knew not that of the *Thames*; and was better acquainted with the number of *Stadia* between *Corinth* and *Lacedemon* than the miles between *London* and *York*. His language was Latin anglified, and he ſcorned to condeſcend to the capacities of the illiterate. One day ſtanding at the door of his college, he was accoſted by a porter, who aſked him where he might find Mr. Freſhman, a fellow commoner of that college? To whom he very gravely anſwered, "Friend, thou muſt *crucifie* the *quadrangle*, and *aſcend* thoſe *grades*, and thou wilt find him *perambulating* in his *cubile*, near to the *feneſtra*." The aſtoniſhed porter caught the laſt word, and ſubmiſſively demanded, where-abouts *feneſtra* was? To whom Dr. *Muſty* graciouſly replied, "I find that thou art ignorant, that is, one of the *illiterati*, but I will inſtruct thee. Know then that the *feneſtra* is the *diaphanous*, part of the *edifice*, raiſed for the *introduction* of *illumination*." The porter deſpairing of finding Mr. Freſhman from the very clear directions of the doctor, applied to one of the ſervitors who was not quite ſo learned. (c)

This

(c) This ſtory is old, but being quite in character, is not improperly adapted.

This reverend doctor having dreamed over his books, got drunk with college ale, ſmoaked nine pipes a day, and ſignalized himſelf by proving (in *no more* than ſeven volumes in folio) that all the hounds in *Diana's* pack were bitches; he broke his heart becauſe he could not find one bookſeller who would undertake the impreſſion of that erudite performance.

This heart(12) transfixed with two pens, the badges of his profeſſion, was once in the breaſt of Mr. *Lawrence Latitat*, attorney, of Chancery-lane. He was a keen man—knew all the law, and underſtood every loop-hole thereof.—But why need I deſcribe him, when the ſalutary advice he gave to a young fellow, that was put as a clerk to him, will beſt ſhew his qualifications. Taking the youth one day into his ſtudy, and making him ſit down, "Young man (ſaid he) I have an extreme regard for your family; I love your father as well as I do a fat cauſe; and for his ſake I will endeavour to make you maſter of your buſineſs. Mind therefore what I ſay to you; and profit by my council. The firſt thing neceſſary in our profeſſion is to have a bailiff, a few witneſſes, and a clerk in court, at your diſpoſal; with thoſe ſtrings to your bow, you may undertake any thing, and riſque every thing. In all profeſſions there are certain *rigid people*, who make a point of doing their duty, and boggle at the ſmalleſt propoſal. Never have any thing to do with ſuch folks; they are a parcel of brutes who are good for nothing. But then there are, happily, a greater number of *good natured men*, whom want, or avarice render *ſociable*, and who will *do any thing for money*. It is upon their poverty or coveteouſneſs that clever attorneys found their ſucceſs in all difficult caſes; for an attorney who does nothing but what

(12) Shewing ſuch a heart.

what is regular and in ſtrict form, will ſeldom keep his coach. But, if you will copy after me, I will lay *Ruffhead's edition of the ſtatutes at large* to an halfpenny dying ſpeech, that in ten years after you are out of your clerkſhip, you ſhall have ruined forty families, and have acquired the fee-ſimples of ten good farms in *Commitatu Middleſex*. I perceive, young man, you have a natural love for money, and art therefore half an attorney already; but to get to the head of your profeſſion in a ſhort time, you muſt be *hard* and *pityleſs*, eſpecially to thoſe pigeons that are worth plucking. Never engage in a cauſe but where either the plaintiff or the defendant have the *bona notabilia*. Never agree to any arbitration or compromiſe if you can poſſibly avoid it. Study delay, and always ſtrive that a cauſe may grow grey-headed in your office, before it comes to a final concluſion."

This honeſt man met with a tragical end, in a moſt comical manner; for going one day with a landlord to make a ſeizure, an old woman of the houſe ran a ſpit into that fatal part where *More* of *More-hall* gave the *dragon* of *Wantley* his death's wound, and he died in conſequence of that *forcible entry*.

A LECTURE

A

LECTURE

ON

HEARTS.

PART II.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THOSE who know ought of human nature muſt acknowledge that there is not any thing in the world more difficult to underſtand than the heart of *man*—unleſs it is the heart of a *woman*. However difficult the taſk is, I have attempted it. And that the ladies may not think themſelves neglected, I have procured a parcel of *female hearts*.

This is a *tender heart* (13)—Womens hearts are generally *tender*, but this was *extraordinarily* ſo. It belonged to Miſs *Suſanna Sympathy*, a milliner, near *Covent-garden*. She had too much *tenderneſs* to refuſe her conſent to any thing that was aſked her; ſhe compaſſionated every diſtreſs ſhe ſaw, whether real or aſſumed: her *tender heart* was uneaſy at the ſight of it. She purchaſed relief to herſelf, by beſtowing it on the ſeemingly miſerable, and then thought ſhe had done an *act of charity*. Why ſhe would weep at the death of a ſparrow; and when *George Gingerbread*, Eſq; enſign in

 a march-

(13) Shewing a pale heart.

a marching regiment, threw himſelf at her feet, and ſwore he could not live without her, ſhe was ſo *tender* ſhe had not the *heart* to refuſe him. Ungrateful man! his heart, alas! was not made of ſuch *penetrable ſtuff*, for he left her four months after, and joined his regiment in Germany. Poor *Suſan tenderly* lamented his infidelity, and would (perhaps) have died with grief, but that her heart was ſo moulded by the firſt amour, that it was become as wax, ready to receive any ſtamp; yet ſo ſoft that no impreſſion thereon was durable, but had ſuch a ſucceſſion of impreſſions, one driving out the other, that her whole time was taken up with her ſhop and her lovers; till ſhe died of a cold, caught *in her fourth lying-in.*

This heart, (14) an abſolute contraſt to the laſt, is a *ſtony heart.* This lately belonged to Mrs. *Rachael Ruthleſs*, a widow lady, who had been married juſt long enough to have a ſon and a daughter, but not to love her huſband: ſhe was therefore far from regretting his death, as ſhe was thereby left the uncontrolled miſtreſs of her own actions; and ſhe could tyrranize over her children, domeſtics, and dependants; which ſhe did, till her heart, *naturally hard*, was *totally petrified.* She never gave to the poor, "the pariſh was to provide for them." She exacted the utmoſt farthing from her tenants; and no calamity of an hail-ſtorm, high wind, or diſtemper among the cattle, could move her to abate one farthing of her rent. She had none of the *milk of human nature* in her: none of thoſe ſoft ſenſations which do honour to the female ſex. She tormented her ſervants till they would ſooner forfeit a month's wages than

(14) Shewing a ſtone-colour'd heart.

than ſtay the month of warning. She racked her tenants till they broke, and left the ſtock on their farms for her to buy at her own price. She deprived her ſon of every innocent freedom, and kept his pocket ſo pennyleſs, that he liſted for a ſoldier, to have two-pence a day, which he could call his own; ſhe debarred her daughter from the company of men,—* "Love was nothing but weakneſs.")—till, unable to diſtinguiſh the man of real worth from the frothy coxcomb, ſhe ran away with a waiter at a tea-houſe, where ſhe ſometimes ſpent a cribb'd ſixpence. Mrs. *Ruthleſs* was unmoved at all this; her ſervants were all *impertinent creatures*; her tenants *idle folks*; her ſon was *a ſilly blockhead, that deſerved to bite on the bridle*; and as for her daughter, *as ſhe had made her bed ſo ſhe might lay in it.* Yet this woman kept a very reſpectable outſide; ſhe was a conſtant attendant at church; whence ſhe as conſtantly came home and ſcolded her ſervants. She viſited all the *decent women* in the pariſh, and had always ſomething to ſay againſt the *abſent*; for indeed every female ſhe knew had *ſomething very unaccountable in their conduct.* She never made the leaſt allowance for the frailties of human nature, but was ſure to take every action by its worſt handle; "And her tongue was as venemous as the ſting of an adder, for ſhe ſeldom darted it beyond her teeth but ſhe wounded ſomebody's reputation." Thus ſhe was hated by all that knew her, and dreaded by all that depended on her; till having lived unreſpected, ſhe died unlamented. And that no *real* good might be done with her wealth, ſhe left it to pariſh-ſchools and work-houſes, that the church-wardens and overſeers might feaſt themſelves and ſtarve the poor the better.

* This paſſage is borrowed.

This is a *bloated heart*, (15) and was the property of Mrs. *Nancy Nantz*, the daughter of honeſt *Charles Carbuncle*, attorney, of Clement's-inn, and wife to an eminent brandy-merchant. This poor woman had contracted ſuch a violent lowneſs of ſpirits, that ſhe was obliged to have frequent recourſe to her huſband's choiceſt unadulterated caſk, till her heart and her face were both of one ſtamp—bloated, and curiouſly overſpread with carbuncles. When ſhe had taken but one ſup, ſhe was croſs; but when ſhe had repeated the doſe, properly, ſhe was thoroughly good-natured. She would meet her huſband at his return from his evening's club, with eyes ſtaring like thoſe of an half-ſtrangled kitten, throw her arms around his neck, with the enchanting fondneſs of *Sycorax* in the Tempeſt, and ſay, "My dear Mr. Nantz! why do you thus endanger your health, by going to taverns, where you drink nothing but naſty brewed wine? Why can't you ſpend your evenings with me? I have had charming company here to-night.—Why here has been Mrs. *Griſkin*, the butcher's wife, in *Pig-ſtreet*—Mrs. *Maſh*, the malt-diſtiller's lady—Mrs. *Sip*, the midwife—and the widow *Cogue*. —We have taſted thirteen pipes of right ——— They like it wonderfully, and have ordered nine gallons a-piece to be ſent home to-morrow morning—Ready-money cuſtomers, Mr. Nantz.—I juſt taſted a *drop* myſelf—I love to promote trade—Not that I love drams, you know, my dear!—but really I drank ſo much tea this afternoon (which they ſay is a great depreſſer of the ſpirits) that I was forced to take *a thimble-full*—to diſpel the wind, and comfort me a little." —'Tis all very well, Nanny, (replied the huſband) but

(15) Shewing a heart ſwelled and full of livid ſpots.

but I muſt promote trade myſelf, and therefore cannot avoid going to my neighbour *Stum's* club; you know that he is a good cuſtomer to me for brandies, to ſtrengthen his weak wines—but I fancy my brandy is rather too ſtrong for you."—"Not in the leaſt, my dear! my ſtomach is very *cold* you know, but a *thimble-full* does for me."—Poor Mrs. Nantz went on with her thimble-full's till ſhe departed this life in a fit of the *hiccups*.

What! (methinks you ſay) have you got no *good* female hearts in your parcel? Yes, ladies, I have. Here is a *good* heart. (16)

This heart, like the royal heart, has inhabited many breaſts, and has paſſed for many ages, not by hereditary deſcent, but by adoption, from one good woman to another. It indeed did not take up its conſtant reſidence with many, but ſtayed a longer, or a ſhorter time, as it was uſed by the poſſeſſer. With ſome females it ſtayed their whole lives; with others it remained only in their virgin ſtate, and quitted them when they were married, (at the ſame time that cleanlineſs, neatneſs, delicacy, and good-humour departed.) With others it never popp'd into their breaſts till they were wives; and with ſome, not till they were widows. *Penelope*, the wife of *Ulyſſes*; *Portia*, the wife of *Brutus*; *Andromache*, the wife of *Hector*; *Eleanor*, the wife of king *Edward*, of *England*; and many others, wore it all their lives. It ſtayed with fair *Helen*, of *Greece*, till ſhe ſaw young *Paris*; and was a temporary viſitor to a great number of other women. This heart was poſſeſſed of every

(16) Shewing a florid well-coloured heart.

every virtue that can make the fair ſex ſtill fairer; and light up the pure fire of lawful love. When with ſingle females, then it had the ſtricteſt modeſty, the juſteſt decorum, and nobleſt ſenſibility. When worn by married ones, they were faithful, without arrogance; tender, without weakneſs; fond, without fulſomeneſs; chearful, without levity; ſolid, without ſullenneſs; and grave without moroſeneſs. It followed its own virtuous dictates, and never entertained the leaſt diſguſt, but at vice. This heart was deſigned for each of you, that you might be *good* as well as *fair*. This heart will cauſe you to be truly beloved—will make you chaſte and prudent virgins—faithful and affectionate wives—dutiful daughters—tender mothers—indulgent miſtreſſes—and valuable friends.

The poſſeſſion of this heart will enliven your youth, chear your middle age, and render your declining years comfortable. And this heart will inhabit the boſom of every female, who does not baniſh it thence by ſuffering folly, faſhion, diſſipation, or paſſion to uſurp its place.

How much were it to be wiſhed that every woman had ſuch an heart as this; but, alas! the contrary is too plainly ſeen, for here is

The heart of a virago, a termagant, a woman of ſpirit. (17) This was lately the heart of Mrs. *Fanny Firebrand* and its owner was a conſtant plague to herſelf and all around her. When a girl, ſhe was continually in broils; and her teeth and nails in conſtant employ. As ſhe grew up, ſhe would claw her ſiſters, pull her brothers by the hair, and pout and maunder at her parents; who were glad

to

(17) Shewing a large ſpotted heart.

to get her off of their hands at any rate, and married her to Mr. Firebrand, a wealthy glaſs-blower. Poor man! the honey-moon was ſcarce over, when ſhe boxed his ears, kicked down the tea-table, broke a large looking-glaſs, and flung his wig in the fire. This was to ſhow *her ſpirit*, for if any one dared to mention the word *obey*, or exhort her to mildneſs, ſhe would redden like a turkey-cock, and anſwer, "What ſhall *I* truckle to a huſband? Shall I ſubmit myſelf to the controul of any man? No! I have a *ſpirit* above ſuch meanneſs." "But (ſays her meek huſband) my good Fanny, moderate your paſſion, keep it within the bounds of decency, the neighbours will hear you, and take you for a meer ſcold."—"I care not for the neighbours (anſwers the enraged Grizzel) I will ſpeak what I think, and if they call me ſcold, they will do me wrong, for every one who knows me, knows I have the patience of Job, or elſe I could not bear your goings on; you ſuffer yourſelf to be impoſed upon by every body, and have no more ſpirit than a ninny-hammer. Would I ſuffer Mr. Didapper to owe me ten pounds, and let his wife flaunt it about in her ſilks and ſattins, not I indeed, I would tear his heart out firſt." This was her daily employment, and ſhe ſo enured her poor patient help-mate to it, that he ſubmitted to every thing ſhe ſaid, *for fear of making her alarum ring louder than ordinary*. Thus ſhe gave a looſe to the extravagance of her paſſions, till at laſt, in a violent rage againſt her mantua-maker for having plaited the back of her ſack awry, ſhe burſt a blood-veſſel, and thus releaſed her poor ſpouſe from his perpetual plague.

This

This is a giddy heart, (18) and once belonged to Mrs. *Mary Mutable*. She ran away from a boarding-ſchool with a ſmart young fellow, and they ſoon grew weary of each other. Seperate pleaſures occupied them both, and as money was not wanting, ſhe never ſtrove to baulk her deſires, or think of their conſequences. Diſſipation was all ſhe ſought after—no matter what ſcheme was propoſed, ſhe very readily gave into it. If it was to applaud a muſical opera, or damn, a new tragedy; to ſtand ſponſor at a chriſtening, or go in the ſecond coach at a funeral; it was all the ſame to Polly. When a party of pleaſure was propoſed, ſhe was never backward. Was it to go to an horſe-race, or an execution; to glitter at an aſſembly, or mob it in the two-ſhilling gallery. Her whole life was ſpent in inconſiſtencies. She hated her huſband, yet would faint at the thoughts of his having a miſtreſs. She would rail at her chamber-maid one moment, and the next give her a ſilk gown, before ſhe had worn it ſix times. She would weep over her ſick lap-dog, and as ſoon as he recovered would order her footman to drop him. She was ever in extremes, and her temper either in the higheſt extravagence of ſpirits, or the moſt ſour melancholy, and at laſt died of a fright from a ſquib flying into her coach on a bonfire night, as ſhe was driving through the ſtreets to look at the illuminations.

This was the heart of lady *Lofty*, (19) a truly proud heart. She was a living library of obſelete heraldry, and could derive, without book, her geneology from William

(18) Shewing a heart leaning on one ſide.
(19) Shewing a large deep red heart.

William the conqueror; among whoſe ſhabby attendants perhaps the founder of her tribe came over a pilfering foot-ſoldier." * She would not permit herſelf to be waited on by vulgar folks, but had conſtantly two or three decayed gentlewomen at her command. Theſe ſhe was continually reproaching with their condition, and enhancing her own ſuperiority. They were the butts of her eternal ill-nature and haughtineſs; and the conſtant themes, to her company, of her great condeſcenſion. If they gave the gentleſt anſwer to her repeated invectives, they were *inſolent huſſies*; if they gave *no* anſwer, they were *ſullen*; and if the unfortunate girls burſt into tears, at ſuch inſults, then they were *ſtomachfull creatures*, and *cried out of ſpite, becauſe they could not have their wills*. Nay, ſhe almoſt diſdained to breathe the freſh air, becauſe the *common people* could enjoy it as well as ſhe; and loathed the very light of the ſun, becauſe it did not ſhine alone upon the quality. She broke her heart for grief, that a pair of diamond earrings ſhe had been bargaining for, had been ſold by the *dirty ſcoundrel of a jeweller* to the daughter of a wealthy tobacconiſt.

This was the heart of *Nelly Notable*, (20) an excellent houſewife, a clever woman, one who underſtood the whole art of management. She was particularly famous for making of minced pies, veniſon paſties, and jugging a hare. *Her* pickled cucumbers were always greener than any of her neighbours, and *her* walnuts had a more delicate flavour. She could brew ale, make elderwine and raiſin-brandy; and as for her favourite ſalve, it was a moſt infallible cure for chilblains, or kib'd-heels. She always marked her own linen, and

* This expreſſion is alſo borrowed.

(20) Shewing a well-formed heart.

was a conſtant attendant in the laundry and kitchen. Servants were often careleſs (ſhe ſaid) and "when the cat's away, the mice will play," was her moſt frequent expreſſion. She marketed herſelf, and if ſhe thought ſhe had ſaved a farthing in the pound in a ſirloin of beef, the ſelf-ſatisfaction ſhe had from it, diffuſed good-nature over her face for the next twenty-four hours. Not that ſhe was of a narrow mean ſpirit, but ſhe hated to be impoſed upon, and thought it a great addition to her qualifications that ſhe could buy cheaper than her neighbours, as it argued a greater ſkill in houſewifery, and ſhewed that ſhe was a *notable ſmart woman*; a character ſhe was more ambitious of than the title of a dutcheſs; nay, ſhe has ſometimes carried her œconomy to that degree, that ſhe would expend three ſhillings in coach-hire, to go and ſave three-pence in ſix yards of cloth at an advertiſing linen-drapers. She alway gave the ſuperfluities of her table to the poor, while they were fit to eat. On ſundays, when ſervice was over, ſhe went, in ſummer time, to walk in the fields; conſtantly regaled with ale and a bun; bought a pennyworth of fruit for the children, and gave her looſe halfpence to the beggars, that is, if they were clean, for a dirty hand or face forfeited all title to her benevolence. Though ſhe brought little fortune to her huſband, ſhe ſaved him one; had the ſatisfaction to make her children induſtrious, and lived to ſee them well ſettled. Then died in a good old age, of an illneſs contracted by ſitting up three nights with one of her poor neighbours, and left behind her the character of one, *who, though not of any ſhining parts, was ſtill a very uſeful woman.*

If Mrs. Notable was an uſeful woman, the owner of this heart (21) from which iſſued two ſtreamers, waving with every wind, was abſolutely uſeleſs. Poor Miſs *Winifred Weathercock* was courted by ſeventeen different men; had the ring and licence bought by ſix of them, was out-aſked in the church with eight more, and yet never held long enough in one mind to be married to either. She had a pretty fortune left her by an uncle, which ſhe greatly diminiſhed by changing it from one ſtock to another. She had a freſh ſucceſſion of ſervants every two months; bought a parrot one week, and exchanged it the next for a monkey, becauſe Poll talked louder than herſelf. Pug had his turn in his miſtreſs's favour, but he grew ſo miſchievous, that ſhe was tired of him in a month. Then ſhe alternately was enamoured of a ſquirrel, a lap-dog, a bull-finch, a canary-bird, and a tabby cat. But *Scug* bit her finger; *Pompey* filled her with fleas; *Bully* piped too loud; *Dickey* required too much looking after; and *Tibby* offended her with her melodious love-ſqualls; ſo each grew out of favour. She would go from her houſe to the opera, but recollecting by the way that a famous divine was to preach an evening lecture, ordered Tom to drive her to church. She ſeated herſelf in a pew, and remained there till ſhe remembered ſhe had promiſed a bride viſit to her firſt couſin; away ſhe hurried there, but the room being full of company, made a ſhort ſtay; and went to a party of quadrille at lady *Crump's*; then ſhe was diſguſted with the cards, and went home, only becauſe ſhe had no where elſe to go to: whether ſhe would have fixed at laſt is unknown, for being indiſpoſed with a ſlight cold, ſhe took *Hill's* balſam of *Honey*, *Lee's Lozenges*, *Daffy's Elixir*, *Bateman's Pectoral*

 Drops,

(21) Shewing ſuch a heart.

Drops, *James's Powder*, and a long etcetera of advertiſed medicines, allowing *neither* time to do her any ſervice (if either of them had been able) till they made altogether ſuch a diſturbance within her, that ſhe died a martyr to fickleneſs, at the age of twenty-two.

This is in the ſhape of an heart, but had no other mark of its being one, as it was only a *ſolid lump of ice*, and may be truly called a *frozen heart* (22). It once belonged to miſs *Diana Dainty*, the coldneſs of whoſe heart, had ſuch an effect on her countenance, that it chilled every one who deſigned to addreſs her. When ſhe found that neither her purſe, nor perſon, could allure the men; ſhe began *to deſpiſe all mankind* and had ſuch an averſion to males, that ſhe had none but hens in her farm yard in the country, and only *ſhe dogs and ſhe puſſes* in her houſe in town. She would not keep a maid ſervant that had any ſweethearts, ſhe abhorred *ſuch forward huſſeys*. Three ſtale virgins were all her houſhold, and with them ſhe would ſit and rail at mankind; recount the number of good offers ſhe had refuſed, and conclude her diſcourſe with, *wiſhing nunneries were allowed in proteſtant countries*. Her parlour was decorated with the pictures of St. *Agnes*, St. *Catherine* and others, who loſt their lives to preſerve their virginity. She never went to church but when *parſon Sleek* preached, him indeed ſhe could bear, becauſe *he looked ſo much like a woman*: when ſhe grew in years, ſhe had a great capitulation with *Urſula Fuſty* her own woman, *Margery Mouldy* her chambermaid, and *Deborah Drybones* her cook. Making them ſit down by her, "Come ſaid ſhe (ſcrewing up her mouth as if it had "been gargled with allum poſſet) you are all good "good

(22) Shewing a heart of the colour of ice.

" good girls (though by the way, the youngeſt was " forty-nine) leave off ceremony, and give me your " opinions in a very important affair. You know I " am not quite ſo able to walk as I uſed to be; not " that I am old, but I have had the rheumatiſm you " know for ſome time. However I would have a " coach, but there is one great impediment, I ſhall " hate to be driven by a naſty *he creature of a coachman*, " and that is the ſole reaſon, I have not hitherto ſet " up my carriage."—*Why to beſure, ma'am*, (anſwers *Deborah*, drawing up her neck to the length of that of a crane) *what you ſay is very true; for if ſo be, as how, that you have a coach, you muſt have ſomebody to drive it*—" Certainly (ſays *Margery*) miſtreſs muſt have it " drive, unleſs ſhe has the reins come through two " holes in the fore part, and then ſhe can hold them " herſelf." — " Hold your *nonſentious* tongues, ye pair of *nizies*, (cried Mrs. *Urſula*) your counſel is *pertinicious*, it may endanger madam's limbs to be *diſlockited* if ſhe was to hold the reins herſelf. Beſides, if the *beaſteſes* were to be *reſtive* and not willing to go, how could ſhe whip them?—Ma'am, you muſt have a coachman."— " Oh, *Urſula*, (anſwers miſs) I can't bear the *odious* " *thought*; to have a *man* waiting upon me, and com- " ing into the houſe backwards and forwards, *oh, fough!* " you know I never took a hackney chair nor coach " for that reaſon, but choſe to walk wet or dry."— Oh, my dear lady (ſcreams out Mrs. *Urſula*) may I never die a maid, if I have not hit upon the right *cauſation* of the affair. You ſhall have a creature that did once ſing at the opera, but was turned away, *Sebaſtian Caponi* the Italian, and that will do *purdigiouſly* clever, for he will have the *compearance* of a man, and not be a man neither, but only a harmleſs Italian." Miſs *Dainty* approved of *Urſula's* ſcheme, gave her a

new

new ſilk gown for her good advice, and was drove by ſignior *Caponi* to the day of her death, which was about ſix months ago, in the cold fit of an ague, an ancient maid of ſixty-four.

This heart (23) is party coloured, like the manners of its laſt owner, miſs *Tewſa Trapman*, a young lady of fortune, and *coquette* by profeſſion. Her chief pride was to have a train of ſuitors at her heels; and her conſtant occupation to enſnare more, and take care not to let one ſlip off the hook. For this end ſhe ſuited her manners to the different humours of her admirers; kept each of them on the tenter-hooks of expectation; gave hopes to all, but conſent to none. One while ſhe ſlid into love of one, by an air of modeſt ſimplicity: then adorned her face with gayety, which at once inſpired tenderneſs and joy.: ſhifting the ſcene at the approach of another lover, ſhe by a ſkilful mixture of freedom and reſerve, uſed with the greateſt addreſs the rein or the ſpur, as the deluded admirer ſeemed either bold or backward. When ſhe had once enſnared a heart, ſhe held the balance ſo even between *fear* and *hope*, that the poor man ſwallowed the bait, hook and all. If one of her gudgeons, tired out with delay, endeavoured to eſcape, ſhe would write tender billets to recal the wanderer; adorn her face with an obedient ſmile, or open at command the floodgates of her eyes, till the poor bird returned to his cage. Thus ſhe lived, receiving preſents from all who would give; gallanting with, and giving her company to each inviter; flattering each ſuitor, with the thoughts of being her only love; and feeding each with falſe hopes, till ſhe caught cold at a midnight party of pleaſure on the water, and died

(23) Shewing a heart painted like patch work of ſundry colours.

died of a violent fever. From her conduct, ladies may learn, that coquetry in women is like vinegar in ſauce, a ſmall daſh may ſharpen the appetite, but no man of real taſte would make a meal on the ſour liquid.

How different from the laſt heart is this black (24), maſked one, I now preſent you with. This was once the heart of Mrs. *Outſide*, a widow lady of ſtrict decorum (in externals) profound ſecrecy (in what regarded her own affairs) and a perpetual haranguer of young ladies of the value of chaſtity; ſhe would outwhine a German mumper, out-cant a lady abbeſs, and out-ſigh a widow at her huſband's funeral *. She had been married it is true, but that was *in obedience to her parents*; ſhe had had four children, but that was *in obedience to her huſband*; and now ſhe was a widow, and her children dead, ſhe was *determined to receive no more addreſſes* (in public.) She was conſtant at chapel, regular in her family prayers, and would even retire to pray in private with her domeſtic chaplain for a whole hour together, ſo ardent was her devotion, "when ſhe left off her ſtockings, before ſhe gave them away, ſhe rub'd them out at the knees, that it might be thought they were worn with kneeling †." She never ſtirred out alone, but as Prior ſays,

——————— to prevent reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

She would never be ſeen at the theatres, *plays in general were too obſcene*; yet ſhe would ſometimes muffle up herſelf, and go with her favourite maid to the two ſhilling gallery, when the *Relapſe*, the *Sick Lady's Cure*, or

(24) Shewing a black heart with a red maſk over it.

* This laſt expreſſion is borrowed. † As is this alſo.

or the *Baniſhed Cavalier*, was acted; at laſt poor lady, a young trooper came drunk one night, and broke her windows, becauſe (as he proclaimed to the whole neighbourhood) ſhe had neglected ſending his laſt quarter's allowance, and refuſed to buy him the commiſſion ſhe had ſo often promiſed. She could not ſurvive this public ſhame, but died in conſequence of it, leaving her fortune between her maid and chaplain.

A LECTURE

A

LECTURE

ON

HEARTS.

PART III.

CONTRASTED HEARTS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WE have ſeen ſeveral hearts, as well male as female, and they have been conſidered ſeparately. I ſhall now proceed to ſhow you ſome hearts which are abſolutely contraſted to each other.

Theſe two hearts belonged to two lovers. This wounded one (25) to Miſs *Charlotte Firm*, and that (26) to Sir *George Ingrate*. *Her* agreeable form, and more agreeable temper, attracted the eyes of Sir George; and *his* winning addreſs, ſeeming fidelity, and apparent honour, won this *poor faithful heart*. Their fortunes were pretty near equal, and their marriage would have

(25) Shewing a heart pierced with an arrow.
(26) Shewing a heart with black veins.

been ſoon concluded, had he not been obliged to ſet out ſuddenly for Spain, to ſecure the wealth a very rich uncle had bequeathed him. Their parting was tender, mutual vows of eternal conſtancy were given, and for ſome time letters continued to paſs between them. However, thoſe from him became leſs frequent, and leſs ardent: the excuſes he made for prolonging his ſtay ſeemed trivial to her, and her father dying at that period, her paſſion was ſo great, ſhe followed him to Barcelona, where he reſided; but on her arrival ſhe had the mortification to find he had forgotten his vows, and was married to a Spaniſh lady. She ſaw him, reproached him only with her tears, while the falſe man ſcarce attempted at an excuſe, for indeed he had none; yet he braved it out, and even inſulted her for coming after him. This haſtened her death, which followed in two months after her return to England; at which, to cover him with ſtill greater ſhame, ſhe left him all her fortune. Juſt providence did not long ſuffer him to enjoy it, for *falſe* in his *heart*, he ſoon ſlighted his Spaniſh wife, and one night received a ſtilletto in his breaſt from her brother, in revenge for his uſage of her.*

Here are two hearts (27) (28) the one very wonderful and uncommon, the other too frequently to be met with. The one a *grateful heart*, and the other a *treacherous heart*. They belonged to Mr. *John Juſt*, and Mr. *Samuel Satan*, two gentlemen who had been ſchool-fellows together. A friendſhip was contracted between them, as firm on the one ſide, as it was ſelf-intereſted on the other. Mr. Juſt's father had left him a middling fortune, and Satan's father had diſſipated the greateſt

(27) (28) Shewing a well and an ill-ſhap'd heart.

* Theſe hearts are omitted in the performance.

greateſt part of his. It chanced that one night Mr. Juſt returning home late, was attacked by three foot-pads, who, after plundering him, were dragging him aſide into a dark place to murder him. At that very inſtant Mr. Satan paſſed by, and hearing his friend's voice, flew to his aſſiſtance. The thieves intimidated at this unexpected ſuccour, fled; and Mr. *Juſt* owed his life to *Satan*. This awakened ſuch a grateful ſpirit in him, that he thought every return he could make too poor a recompence. (Though it has ſince been known that the three footpads were only fellows hired by *Satan* to attack Mr. Juſt, and terrify him greatly, that *he* might have the merit of releaſing him, from which he expected ample amends.) Mr. Juſt took his friend home with him, and loaded him with favours; which the other made uſe of to attain his treacherous ends. Mr. Juſt's mother lived with him, and had a fortune at her own diſpoſal, but Satan made ſuch uſe of his art, that he cajoled her into a belief, that her ſon inwardly hated her, and only carried a fair outſide, to inherit her wealth. Suſpicious age was alarmed, and at her death ſhe left her whole fortune to her ſon's falſe friend. *Satan's* next ſtep was to revive an old diſpute betwen Mr. *Juſt* and a neighbouring magiſtrate, which was carried on to a great length at law, till *Satan* perſuaded his friend, that the law would ruin him, for an execution would ſoon diſpoſſeſs him of all he had, which only could be avoided by making every thing over to him. The credulous dupe believed his words, and gave into the propoſed meaſure, which was no ſooner effected, but Satan threw off the maſk, gloried in his fineſſe, and turned his benefactor out of doors; who, ſhocked at an ingratitude, which, from the examination of his own heart, he could not think ever exiſted, ended his days a few months after. The treacherous wretch thus

poſſeſſed of wealth, ſoon after married a wife who repaid his villainy, for taking the advantage of her huſband's ſickneſs, ſhe took all his notes, caſh, and beſt moveables, and went off to France with her own coachman. Satan informed of this treachery, ſunk on his bed, and died with the bittereſt imprecations on himſelf, his wife, and all around him.

But I perceive my audience grow grave, and condemn me for laying ſuch *hearts* before them. Alas! I cannot help it, I give them as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. But to vary the ſcene, let us leave the *villainy* to conſider the *folly* of mankind.*

Theſe two hearts (29) (30) repreſent two great extremes, the one was the heart of Sir *Samuel Simper*, *knt.* and *beau*, and the other of *'Squire Surly*, a clowniſh fox-hunter. Sir *Samuel* was bred at his mama's nurſery, the *'Squire* in his father's ſtables. One ſtudied paſtry, dreſſing of dolls, preſerving his complexion, and adorning his perſon; the other dreſſing and docking of horſes, breaking of dogs, hunting, and drinking of *october*. The *knight* was never eaſy but when he was among the ladies; and was become ſo very gentle, ſo very finikin, and ſo effeminate, that, but for his cloaths he might have been taken for one himſelf. He never ſwore, nor drank; was always delicately clean, and held a daily conſultation with his valet, his taylor, his ſempſtreſs, and his looking-glaſs. Then fancied his charms irreſiſtible, and that no woman could ſtand before him, yet he forbore purſuing his conqueſts, not to give umbrage to the reſt of the fair-ſex. On the other hand the *'Squire*

* Theſe hearts are alſo omitted.

(29) Shewing a little heart, ſurrounded with lace.

(30) Shewing a heart with the figure of a five-bar gate.

'*Squire* preferred the company of horſe-dealers, jockies, huntſmen, and whippers-in, to all the women in the world. Thence he grew ſo ruſtic in his perſon, deportment, and converſation, that he might be taken for a worſe brute than any of his dogs. He never gave a civil anſwer, never ſpoke without obſcenity and oaths; nor ever went to-bed ſober. He always ſlept in his wig, and ſhifted only once a month. At length Sir *Samuel Simper*, after being for twenty-eight years the mock of the women and ſcorn of the men, died of the vapours. And about the ſame time '*Squire Surly* broke his neck at a fox-chaſe. When their bodies were opened, the beau's heart was found encircled with one row of fringe, one row of gold lace, and a row of right Mecklin; and the 'Squire's heart impreſſed with the figure of a five-bar gate.

This is a *jealous* heart, (31) and belonged to Signor *Don Diego Umbroſo*. *Don Driego*, when a *child*, was *jealous* of his parents greater affection to his younger brother. When a *boy* at ſchool, he was *jealous* that his maſter took more pains with other ſcholars than with him. When he got into the army, he was *jealous* that his general poſtponed his advancement to that of a brother officer, therefore he ſold out, and came and ſettled in England. When he was a maſter of a family, he was *jealous* that his ſervants deceived and wronged him. And when he was married, he was *jealous* of his wife. His doubts, ſuſpicions, and *jealouſies*, made him ever uneaſy. Every thing wore the air of myſtery, and he ſuſpected an intrigue in every moſt trivial incident.

One

(31) Shewing a yellow heart.

One day he walked gravely to chapel, and was overheard to ſay, "*Voto a St. Jago*, I be cuckolde: *non ſolamente a Cornudo*, but I be ſheated by every one. Por mea mala fortuna. Mine Vife no pity mine anguiſs, mea ardente amore. Efery man get before me in efery ting. De oder marchant get better bargain. Mea criado, mine ſervant me pigliar. Mine vife no loſe me—and ſee dat man be got to prayers before me. This poor man deſerved compaſſion. His faithful wife ſtrove her utmoſt to undeceive him; but that canker-worm *jealouſy* had jaundiced his heart. Jeaſouſy, in whoſe glaſs every object is ſeen falſe, had ſo overcame him, that he *would* not be cured; and he died with grief for imaginary evils, that had no exiſtence but in his diſordered brain.

Not ſo the owner of this *confident heart.*(32)Mr. *Truſt* knew that reſtraint was the parent of wrong. He gave his wife an unlimited freedom, which ſo worked upon her mind, naturally wavering, that it entirely fixed her; ſhe ſcorning to abuſe the liberties which he gave her. Thus he lived happy, was well ſerved by his domeſtics, tenderly obeyed by his children, and died in peace, full of days.

This is the heart of Mr. *Daniel Daredevil*, a cheating debauchee by practice and inclination, and an atheiſt by ſpeculation. This man was hurried on by the extravagance of his paſſions to every thing that was bad in private, yet as he preſerved a ſpecious outſide, and kept clear of the law, he paſſed for a *moral man*. But when he caſt a retroſpect on his actions and principles, he was clearly convinced that if there *was* a deity, he *muſt* be the object of his wrath;

(32) Shewing a well ſhap'd heart.

wrath; therefore he ſtrove to blunt the ſtings of his conſcience, by caſting off all belief of futurity. To this end, he ſtudied diligently *Woolſton*, *Chubb*, *Toland*, *Bolingbroke*, and all the authors of that ſtamp, till he had worked himſelf into a kind of a mechanical diſbelief of what it was his intereſt to wiſh had no exiſtence. He was a conſtant attendant at a ſpeaking ſociety, there he harangued on the force of impulſes, the doctrine of neceſſity, the certainty of fatality, and the incongruity of free wills. "I muſt own, Mr. Preſident, man has ſtronger conceptions than ſundry other animals, but that will no more prove the immortality of the ſoul, or that man is a inheritor of eternity, than the ſuperiority of ſenſe in a monkey over a mole or dormouſe, would perſuade one to believe that a monkey had greater reaſon to expect immortality than the dormouſe. No, no, Mr. Preſident, all theſe notions are only the prejudices of education, the effect of prieſt-craft, and the dreams of a perverted imagination. The difference of ſenſe and reaſon in different animals ariſes only from the different organization of matter." Thus he would talk, to the corruption of weak heads and bad hearts, who applauded his ſophiſtry, and took his baſe metal for current coin.—Thus he lived, till a raging fever, the conſequence of a ſecret debauch, let light into his ſoul, threw him on his knees, and urged him to utter the prayers of deſpair; thus he continued, doubting, aſſenting, dreading, and deſpair, without that only reſource of the afflicted and diſtreſſed, *hope*, till he died in unſpeakable horrors, a fearful proof of that elegant expreſſion of a late author, *The beholding the death is a libertine is the ſureſt antidote againſt the evil example of his life.*

This

This double heart (33) was that of Mr. *Timothy Twang, an hypocrite*, this which ſeemed to glow with the fire of piety, flamed with falſe zeal, and only ſerved as a cover to the real blackneſs of the other. Mr. *Twang* was excellent at long graces, and thanks-givings; and when he took an houſe, his firſt enquiry was after a convenient room where he might ſing pſalms ſo as to be *over-heard* by the neighbours. He always called his family together to prayers, morning and evening, yet ſeldom failed going every day to ſee a girl he kept in a ſnug corner. He was indefatigable in procuring himſelf to be left guardian to wealthy minors, and as indefatigable in finding ways and means to ſink ſome part of the fortune into his own coffer. He gave much in charity, but it was always when many were ſpectators; and when any ſubſcription was propoſed, *and the benefactors names were to be publiſhed*, he conſtantly contributed his guinea. His diſcourſe was compoſed in the moſt puritanical ſtyle, and well larded with texts of ſcripture. His chief diverſion was ſmoking a *ſerious* pipe, and drinking a *ſerious* cup, *along with the faithful*. For plays were abominations, muſic the ſound of the beaſt, and dancing the merry go-round of the devil. Singing was anti-chriſtian, unleſs they were ſpiritual hymns that were ſung, to the melodious twang of a ſoporiferous noſe. Laughter was impious, and his mouth never extended wider than a ſmile. As he lived, ſo he died, and at laſt thought he had purchaſed the fee ſimple of a ſeat in heaven, by endowing an hoſpital.

Theſe were the two extremes, but this (34) is the golden mean. This was a pious heart, and the owner of it the Reverend

(33) Shewing a double heart.

(34) Shewing a heart ſurrounded with flames.

Reverend Mr. *Abdiel Allgood.*—He ſteered equally between infidelity and ſuperſtition. The purity of his faith was ſhewn by the uprightneſs of his manners, and the conſtant tenor of a regular well ſpent life. When he beheld vice, he was ſorry for the fault but pitied the offender. He knew the force of evil example, and made allowances for the follies of youth and impetuoſity of its paſſions; therefore ſpared bitter reproaches, which too frequently render the mind callous; and ſtrove to allure men to virtue, by ſhowing its moſt beautiful ſide. He was ſteady in his own principles, yet tender of others whoſe opinions were contrary to thoſe he had adopted. Trivial errors were not ſeverely cenſured; he knew that human nature could not be perfect, and that the beſt men have their reſpective faults. He never injured his neighbour by raſh judgment, nor put harſh conſtructions on doubtful actions. He was always chearful (the conſtant concomitant of a good conſcience) and ſhewed religion in her moſt amiable form, thereby rendering her deſirable. His heart was inflamed with divine ardor, glowed with true charity, and had none of the melancholy ſhade of the gloomy enthuſiaſt. In ſhort, in every ſtation of life, he acted in a becoming manner, till he ſlept in peace, leaving the odour of his ſanctity among his pariſhioners, who revered his memory, and raiſed a monument of praiſe to him in their hearts.

This heart, wound round with a ſerpent, (35) the emblem of wiſdom, was the heart of a phyſician. He had ſtudied nature in her various operations, and by his knowledge of the properties of bodies, hunted diſeaſe through all its mazy meanders, and brought

(35) Shewing ſuch a heart.

that aid which thoſe only can truly value who have felt its want. Open and generous in his dealings, he proportioned his fees to the ability of his patient, and as he was not under the controll of an apothecary, he never calculated his preſcriptions for the ſole good of the ſhop. His knowledge of the calamities of diſeaſe, had not hardened his heart, but made him compaſſionate to the poor ſufferers. Where abilities were wanting to to pay him, he generouſly gave his advice *gratis*, and died full of years, experience, and reputation, though very poor, for he left not behind him a glaring oſtentatious library, or a ridiculous collection of uſeleſs gimcracks.

This is the heart of a quack, (36) a true contraſt to the real regular phyſician. On the ſtrength of an impudent face, an ignorant head, a voluminous wig, a chariot, and *the King's Patent*, he impoſed on the credulous, proſtituted the royal name, and murdered mankind with impunity. He had been bred an apothecary, in an obſcure country village, where tired with ſerving ha'pworths of *Diachilum* and pennyworths of *Wenus Treacle*, he ſold his ſhop, bought a receipt from a poor Scotch ſurgeon, came to town, procured a patent, and advertiſed away. His tongue was voluble, and his language a jargon produced from his having no ideas but what related to his former ſhop, and calculated to deceive the ignorant. He could neither ſpeak, nor write out of the common routine, as may be clearly proved from a love letter he ſent to Miſs *Firkin*, a wealthy cheeſemonger's daughter, who married him as ſoon as he ſat up his equipage.

"Dear

(36) Shewing a heart with a label, on which is written
BY THE KING's PATENT.

" Dear Miſs *Firkin*,

" This comes to you with my *cordial* thanks for your *invigorating* reception laſt night, when I *ſpread* my mind before you. You are *ſovereignly* good, and *ſyringed* my ears with praiſes, which ſhould be *adminiſtered* to your ſweet ſelf alone. I ſcarce know how to write to you, for my mind is ſo *conſtipated* in the *abdomen* of my doubts, that nothing but the *cathartic ſyrup* of your ſenſe, can *correct*, *diſcharge* and *mundify* my thoughts."

" Yes, my dear miſs, your mouth is an *alembic*, whence your *conceptions* more *ſubtile* than *quinteſcence* momentarily diſtil; my patients are leſs moved by my *Patent Elixir*, than the vivacity of your eyes do correct the *acrid* and *mordicant humours* of an *inflamed* love. Your chearful temper, is a ſovereign *orvietan* againſt the *melancholy paroxyſms* of an heart *oppilated*, with your rare virtues and eminent qualities."

" Happy is the wounded breaſt to which ſuch an excellent *cataplaſm* as yourſelf ſhall be *applied*. I ſhall *infuſe* the gracious atractions with which you ſuperabound, in the *mattraſs* of my remembrance. Tomorrow I ſhall have the honour to feel your pulſe again, till then adieu, *dulcified antimony* of my inquietudes, and dear *lenitive* of my thoughts.

Your eternal adorer,

Peter Potion."

Mr. Potion had ſo long and ſo often given his *Patent Elixir*; and to ſo many different perſons, that, at laſt, he fooliſhly thought it was good for ſomething: and being once a little indiſpoſed, tried it upon himſelf—the conſequence was—he died.—

This laſt heart, is a corrupt heart (37), and belonged to Mr. *Peter Perquiſite*, expediting clerk in a certain public office, where his buſineſs was to receive petitions, to preſent to the chief clerk, to preſent to the board, and then to expedite the grants with all poſſible haſte. His ſalary was *ſixty pounds* a year, but by the help of what the French call the *tour du baton*, he made it worth *ſix hundred*. From his place he thought he had an undoubted right to be approached cap in hand; to be inſolent, priggiſh, and ſaucy. It may be ſuppoſed that he received ſome gratuity from the petitioners on doing their buſineſs, and thence aroſe his profits.—Quite the contrary—*he* thought buſineſs required time; and the cords of diſpatch never ran glibly with him, till they were well greaſed. When a man came up to town, with a petition for a penſion for paſt ſervices, or diſability through age, ſickneſs, wounds, or any thing elſe; Peter wiſely conſidered that when the buſineſs was done, that the man had nothing to do but to live in quiet and eaſe; which he thought would be the better taſted, the greater trouble he had in getting it. If therefore he found the man cloſe.—"Call again in about, a month."—The petitioner anſwers that he ſtays in town at great expence, and ſhould be obliged to him if he would haſten it on as much as poſſible.—This you may think he did, in pity to the man's diſtreſs—the devil a-bit—Peter thought pity was weakneſs in a clerk, and the more the man's diſtreſs, the more he would pay to get out of it the ſooner—and if he had no money, he might borrow on the ſtrength of his penſion—Therefore if he ſpied the man's hand ſliding into his fob, under the flap of his waiſtcoat. He would ſay, "Why, ſir; there are already twenty-three petitions

(37) Shewing a heart of a livid purple colour.

petitions in your very caſe, and they muſt be all ſerved in their turn." The petitioner takes out his hand, ſlips two pieces into Peter's—"When ſhall I call again?" —" Let me ſee—the day after to-morrow—to-morrow the board ſits—I ſhall run a great riſque—but to ſerve you, your's ſhall be the firſt caſe conſidered."—And ſo it was, and the order for his penſion made out. Thus you think the buſineſs done—not yet—the order was *made out* 'tis true; but it was neither ſigned nor ſealed that too muſt be *expedited* with two more pieces, and then Mr. Perquiſite refers the petitioner to Mr. Vulture the chief clerk, that *he* might ſqueeze him too. Mr. Perquiſite died with vexation that he could not get a place of £.120 a year, by which he might have made £.1200 Then he could have ſet up his coach and married a fortune, whereas he was forced to put up with a miſs and a ſingle gelding.

A CRITICAL

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON NOSES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

MAN hath been frequently ſtiled the *leſſer* world, and, like his counterpart, the *great world* is compoſed of ſundry different parts. If we purſue the compariſon, we ſhall find, that as there are gulphs, ſtraits, foreſts, plains, and mountains in the latter, ſo there are in the former. What is the mouth but a gulph, which ſwallows almoſt all that is put into it? The throat is one out of many ſtraits, which ſerve only as paſſages to more ſpacious and extenſive parts. The hair is a foreſt, thicker or thinner ſet, as the ſoil is better or worſe adapted to ſuch a produce. And for mountains and protuberances in the human body, they are almoſt without number.

Among the hills and mountains of the little world, none is more eminent in the map of the face than that curious protuberance *the noſe*. It is a promontory which is very remarkable, and very conſpicuous.

Lovers

Lovers may treat on eyes and lips, but I, as a ſtudent in the geography of man, will confine my ſelf to the *noſe*.

The *noſe* being the moſt prominent part of the face, is generally beheld from afar,—that is, if it is of any tolerable ſize. From the longitude and latitude of that Headland, we may give a ſhrewd gueſs at the temperament of the climate it belongs to, and the diſpoſition of the wearer.

I hope none will turn up the *noſe* at this diſſertation, ſince the *noſe* is the moſt exalted part of the face. In antient times men of rank derived not only part of their eminence, but of their names, from the qualities of the handles of their faces. *Ovid* the poet, obtained the ſirname of *Naſo*, from the length of his ſnout; andMark Tully, the great orator, was called *Cicero* from the wart on the tip of his.

The *noſe* is a prominence placed in the middle of the face—except indeed, in ſuch as have had it knocked on one ſide by the rude hand of a Broughtonian bruiſer —and is always very viſible, where it has not been unfortunately undermined. It is placed a little lower and between the two eyes, to the intent that what a man cannot ſee, he may ſmell out; for, excepting that it ſerves for ornament, ſmelling is its chief uſe.— By it the lawyer,ſmells out a ſuit,—the doctor,a patient, —the undertaker, a carcaſe,—and the burly juſtice, a feaſt. It not only ſupplies the defects of the eyes, but when their ſight decays, ſerves as a ſupport for thoſe neceſſary aids to dimneſs and gravity, a pair of ſpectacles; for I will maintain, that the noſe is the proper ſupport for thoſe ſupplementary optics; and that ſticking ſpectacles on the temple is a ſcandalous innovation, and a daring affront to the dignity of the human Proboſcis.

Noſes are of great antiquity. Adam and Eve each wore one, and any of their deſcendants cuts ſo very ridiculous figure without that ornament, that Tagliacotius, a learned Italian phyſician, gained immortal honour in finding out a way to ſupply them where they were wanting.

Although almoſt every human creature has a *noſe*, yet they are not all alike in every ſubject, but vary greatly in their ſhape, colour, and dimenſions. We ſee—the bottle noſe—the roman noſe—(ſince called the the king William's noſe, and the Kingſton-bridge noſe)—the ruby noſe—the ſnipe noſe—the turning-up noſe—the hooked noſe—and a long *et-cetera* of *noſes*—ſome of which I have here to exhibit.

This is a *bottle-noſe* (1) and, by the rules of phyſiognomy, denotes the wearer to be an honeſt, thoughtleſs, merry, talkative fellow. This noſe, in the geography of man, anſwers to that bluff mountain in the Iſle of Wight, called *Dunnoſe*, from one Mr. Dun, who lived near that place, and had ſuch a noſe as this. The perſon from whom this noſe was copied was Mr. Humphry Humm. He was the life of every company, and his pleaſantry made him ſo ſought after, that his buſineſs was frequently neglected, and his family often went without a ſupper, while he was ſetting the members of his club in a roar. He loved ſtory telling, and had rather loſe his friend than his jeſt. Whenever he entered the room, he fixed upon one of the company for a butt; valued himſelf for being a great *roaſter*, and ſometimes got himſelf *baſted* for his wit. But provided the majority laughed at what he ſaid, he was contented, as he

(1) Shewing a very large noſe.

he really meant no harm. One night meeting with two natives of North Briton, at his club, he began to tell a ſtory to roaſt them, but was greatly diſappointed when they joined in the laugh themſelves; for they were men of too much ſenſe to be offended at a joke, and wiſely concluded, that nothing ſhould be taken as an affront which was not abſolutely intended as ſuch. [Here follows a ſtory; the humour of which conſiſts only in the action and delivery: As therefore no adequate idea can be conceived from the recital in print, it is omitted.]

This hook-noſe, (2) inflexed like a parrot's bill, denotes ſuperſtition and goſſiping. It was modelled after the prognoſticating ſnout of one goody Screech-owl, an old woman, who, tho' dim-ſighted, beheld omens and portents in every thing ſhe ſquinted at.*—"Ah me! the world is grown ſo careleſs, that they take no notice of the many omenous things they behold. If they did they might ſee many events before they come to paſs. I am ſure that I have always found things to happen as I have foreſeen. If ever I dream of a cat, I am ſure to hear of ſome ſpiteful woman enemy. I dreamt of a ring four days before Grace Grizzel was married: My grandſon Tommy died juſt that day week that I had ſeen a winding-ſheet in the candle. Jenny Jarvis ſpilt my ſalt the very day that my cow Crummie died of the new diſorder. I was ſitting up with neighbour Gubbins t'other night, when, about twelve o'clock, —ay, juſt turned of twelve, I heard three knocks at the door, the cricket cried in the chimney, the owl hooted, and I thought verily I ſaw ſomething, but the candle

(2) Shewing ſuch a noſe.
* Putting on the noſe, and ſitting down.

burnt ſo blue, that I could not diſtinguiſh what it was, and the very next morning Mrs. Gubbins's poor baby died of the dry-gripes.—Nay I knew I ſhould not lay long out of my own bed, for my elbow itched terribly. —Ah! I have ſeen ſigns and tokens any time theſe three and forty year. I had ſufficient intelligence of my dear huſband Jeffery's death; for the night after he went to ſea, the very drawer where I had put his will and power, gave three cracks; my noſe dropt juſt three drops of blood; two months after my cat friſked about ſo much that I knew a ſtorm was gathering. I ſaw a letter in the candle, and the week after I heard my poor Jeffery was drowned on the rocks of Scilly, on the very night that the bells of our church rung backwards of their own accord, and the parſon's old ſow, that my huſband was ſo very fond of, died with pig.

This *turning-up noſe*,(3) denotes envy, ſpleen, and ill-nature, and was taken from that of *Will Sneer*, the critic. When he was a boy, he turned up the point of his noſe by always wiping it on his ſleeve. When he grew up to man's eſtate, he fixed it in this form by conſtantly wrinkling it at the good ſucceſs of every writer, or performer. In his hyper-critical opinion, "Pope was a meer verſifier, without any invention. Young a gloomy writer. Thompſon was inſipid; and Swift a dirty, naſty fellow." Indeed when they were dead, he allowed them ſome praiſe; but no living author could have the leaſt pretence to merit. He read only to find fault; and *that* work was moſt agreeable to him in which he could pick the moſt holes:—but enough of him. A critic's buſineſs is to point out beauties as well as faults; and to encourage, not depreſs a riſing genius.

—Hold

(3) Shewing ſuch a noſe.

—Hold, let me ſee—is there ever a ſour critic among you?—No—I ſee none but good-natur'd noſes—*Will Sneer* is not there—Here are none but thoſe who wiſh to be pleaſed, and will either excuſe any defects in me, or point them out in ſuch a manner that I may mend it.

This *Ruby Noſe*, (4) of the true Bardolphian kind, is the mount Ætna of the face. Its rubicund colour took more expence in the dying, than would new paint the Manſion-houſe; and as many gallons of wine have been abſorbed in this noſe as would ſtock a tolerable wine vault. This is the image of the top light of Sam Soaker of Wine-office-court. This was his trim. *"Don't tell me of ſobriety—a fig for ſobriety—what is it good for, but to make a man an aſs—a ſneaking fellow—truth is found in wine—all the learning of antiquity was found in wine—and philoſophy was found at the bottom of the third bottle. Good wine makes the ſenſe ſhine forth, and gives us courage—when I am ſober, I am afraid of my wife's tongue, but when I'm bobbiſh and jolly, I can face Belzebub—nay, more, I can beat a city ſubſtitute conſtable—Socrates was an honeſt fellow—he always went to the tavern, when his wife—Tippy—what d'ye call her name?—begun to ſcold—what then can we do better than imitate that wiſe philoſopher?—The doctors are a pack of fools, they ſay that drinking ſends a man to the grave—but that's a lye. Good wine will dye a pale man the colour of ſcarlet—witneſs my noſe—no! no doctor for me but Hippocrates, who ſays a man ſhould get drunk thirty times a month, at leaſt. Why the world gets drunk ſometimes, and reels about, and then people think there is an earthquake. The ſun and the moon are the two eyes of the world, and what your fools of aſtrologers call an eclipſe

(4) Shewing a very red noſe.

* Putting on the noſe.

is nothing but that the world gets drunk, and winks with one or t'other of his eyes."

This ſharp noſe with a red tip (5) is a ſure ſign of a ſcold, andwas copied from the ſnipe noſe of *SuſanSpitfire*. She was not the termagent woman of ſpirit like Mrs. *Firebrand*, but was perpetually peeviſh and ſnarling. She did not raiſe a hurricane in the houſe, but kept it in a continual breeze. Thus ſhe adviſed her ſiſter who was juſt married,—* "Take care, ſiſter, that your huſband never gets the maſtery over you; in order to which, you muſt continually thwart him; but when you find his paſſion riſe, then let him down again, leſt you ſhould raiſe in him a ſpirit you cannot ſo eaſily lay: always have your own will, and never be ſo conquered but what you may renew the attack: for a true ſcold, if you knock out her teeth, will mumble with her gums; and if you pull out her tongue, ſhe'll ſcold with the ſtump of it, while the leaſt bit is left. Keep up a dark ſullenneſs, a deep rooted obſtinacy, and the beſt way not to be convinced you are in the wrong, is never to liſten to any reaſon; and if you keep yourſelf virtuous, on the ſtrength of that one quality, you may do what you pleaſe and have all the women on your ſide.

This noſe with a bump in the middle, is called a roman noſe, an aquiline noſe, a king William's noſe, or a Kingſton bridge noſe (6) It is the emblem of fortitude, bravery, love of women, and no great attachment to truth. Cæſar had ſuch a noſe, and in our days we ſee many of them: this was taken from old *Ben Blunderbuſs*, a one

(5) Shewing ſuch a noſe.
* Putting on the noſe.
(6) Shewing ſuch a noſe.

a one legg'd ſerjeant in Chelſea-hoſpital. He had been a brave old ſoldier, run his ſword in every enemy he came near, and run his noſe againſt every female he ſaw. "When I was in Germany, I faced the French, I routed them: ſeventeen I killed one morning at Bleinheim—I fought in the trenches till the blood ran over the tops of my gaiters—I myſelf ſtopt a narrow paſſage over a foot bridge, and ſuſtained the force of four hundred men till my own regiment rallied. I was once blown up at the ſiege of Maeſtricht; broke open a convent at Namur, and got nine nuns and the old lady abbeſs with child—Ah! there was a whole platoon of Blunderbuſſes. And if I had not unfortunately loſt my leg, by a cannon ball, I might have been a general by now—for the officers loved me—they could depend upon Ben—he never flinched." Thus would he rattle at an alehouſe, and interlard his real exploits with ſuch rhodomontades, that they cauſed his hearers to think all was falſe, and made him loſe the real merit of his brave action.—Too many red coats do the ſame.

This is a long ſlender noſe,(7)denoting boldneſs, and inquſitiveneſs: it is exactly like the ſnout of Tom Tattle, which was ſo formed, like the ſhadower of a ſun-dial, that if figures had been made on his face, one had only to ſet him againſt the ſun to ſee what it was o'clock. He loved to poke his noſe into every body's buſineſs, and to know the bottom of every thing. This diſpoſition made him very fond of his employment, which was that of a collector of paragraphs for a news-paper. *"Ah, maſter! I've pickt up a whole budget full of news. There has been a moſt brilliant fire in the

(7) Shewing ſuch a noſe.

* Putting on the noſe.

the Weſt of England. I have brought you a glorious paragraph of a murder on Salt-petre bank, and an illuſtrious robbery in Broad St. Giles's. Here are three marriages, and two ſumptuous funerals, which I got from Sam Stave, the pariſh clerk; and four deaths which I was told of by David Diſmal, firſt mute to Mr. Hunt-Carrion, the undertaker of Cripplegate,—they coſt me three pints of purl this morning—Oh! I had almoſt forgot—prince Heraclius has gained a victory—the Dutch are fitting up their fleet—and the French king and his parliament are at loggerheads again. I learnt all this from the Swiſs porter of a foreign ambaſſador, who was told it by the valet of his excellency, who overheard his maſter talk to his ſecretary about it, while his hair was dreſſing.—People may ſay what they will, but news-papers are the only food for the mind.—How many thouſand citizens get up with vacant heads, and don't know what to talk about till they have read the papers. I have ſeen a taylor run down from his garret, and leave his gooſe to cool, while he enquired after the miniſtry; and but yeſterday I met with Will Query running to fetch a midwife to his wife, and, as he was in haſte, he only ſtept in and drank two diſhes of coffee with me, while I told him of the new ſcheme to pay off the national debt, and lower the price of porter; and read him three letters on the new paving the city of London.

This laſt is a blunt noſe (8) denoting ſloth and gluttonny. Such a noſe as this was worn by that lazy pampered epicure Sir Gregory Greedy. *"Ah (ſays he) the only pleaſure of life conſiſts in eating. Nothing requires a nicer taſte than that curious art, cookery; and a good

(8) Shewing ſuch a noſe.

* Putting on the noſe.

good cook, is to me, a more valuable creature then a parſon, a doctor, or a lawyer. The one preaches mortification, but look at his belly and you will ſee he lies.—The other adviſes abſtinence to his patients and will go home to ſit down to his ragouts; and the lawyer torments you ſo with the law, that he takes your ſtomach away.—How many men chew for fifty years and never *eat* in their lives. How I pity our forefathers—they never eat turtle—I will new build my kitchen, and adorn it with the ſtatue of the author of the land-carriage-fiſh-ſcheme, for without him we ſhould never have eat John Dory in London—Oh what a pity it is, that the pleaſure of eating ſhould be of ſuch ſhort duration! no man can eat for above two hours, and then it will be near four hours more before his appetite comes again. O the fat of a good haunch! —the delicious taſte of a fine turbot!—the flavour of a good ragout, or a luſcious fricaſſee. O hard fate! that a man muſt die, and leave oyſters and vermicelli behind him!

The royal ſtamp makes current *ev'ry ore,*
And gives a value *where was none before*;
So your applauſe on my attempt this night,
Will make it ſterling *in the critic's ſight.*

FINIS.

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